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17

A

NEW SONG,

BEING THE

TORIES TRYUMPH,

OR, THE

Point well Weathered:

A long song

To a New Theatre Tune.

25. Sep. 1682

I.

Some say, the *Papists* had a Plot,
Against the Church and Crown;
But be it so, or be it not,
The *King* must please the Town.
The *Papists* take *Tyburn* by turns,
To please the City-Gulls;
It's strange, that they, who all wear Horns,
Should fear the *Popish Bulls*,

II.

The *House of Commons* blow the Coals,
The Nation to disettle;
And, like true Tinkers, make two Holes,
To mend one in a Kettle:
Or else, What needs that precious *Vote*,
That if the *King* should Fall
By *Pagan*, or *Phanatick Plot*,
The *Pope* must pay for all?

III.

Our Royal *James* of Princely Race, *Duke of York*
And High Illustrious Fame,
Was not thought fit, by *Commons* base,
To follow *Charles's Waine*:
But let that *House of Office* know,
When they have Sow'd their Leaven,
He shall Succeed, though they say no,
By all the Laws of Heaven.

IV.

Old *Cavaliers* for Loyalty
They streight Clapt up for Treason,
In hopes to bring in *Anarchy*,
'Gainst Justice, Sense, and Reason.
Brave *Hallifax* and *Feverham*,
Brave *Worster*, Just and Wise,
They did Vote down, as dangerous Men.
That they *Themselves* might Rise.

V.

But Oh! that Lord in *Leistershire*,
Turn'd Catchpole, though too Late;
'Tis better Priests in Prison were,
Then Bums should loose their Trade:
For Priest poor *Waller* never sought, *in M*
But where was Golden Crosses;
His *Mirmidons* went Snacks, 'tis Thought,
In all the Owners Losses.

VI.

The *Doctor* he has bid Farewell *D' Oak*
To *Jesus*, and the Court; *Earl of Shaft*
And *Tony's* Tap runs flat and dull, *very*
Makes *Catch* in hopes of Sport.
Bleu *Protestants* can make no work,
Unless like *Hungary*,
They for Religion Joyn the *Turk*,
For *Christian Liberty*.

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